



CITY HALL.  
THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING  
the 7th January, 1835.  
Under the immediate patronage and in the  
presence of  
HIS MAYOR GEORGE BERGUSON

BOWEN, G.C.M.G.,  
and  
H.E. Lieut.-General J.N. SARGENT,  
MR. WILLARD begs to announce  
his Company, assisted by  
LADY AND GENTLEMAN AMATEUR,  
WILL ACT THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL COM-  
"IMPULSE,"  
A NEW PLAY.  
Mrs. Bureford ..... Miss A. VERNI  
Mrs. Macdonald ..... Miss A. BEREAF

Miss Ritzore	Mr. PARSONS
Mr. Birkett	Mr. BRANDON
St. Henry Auckland	Mr. PANDU
Colonel Macdonald	Mr. S. HERTKA
Captain Crichton	Mr. P. W. WISE
Victor de Riel	Mr. EDINBORG
Graham	Mr. CATCBART
Parker	Mr. DRUMMOND
Waiter	Mr. HARTFORD

ACT I

THE HALL AT BRAKESPEAR

ACT II  
THE BELL " INN AT DODDING"  
Acts III. IV. & V.  
A SALON IN THE GRAND HOTEL  
PARIS.  
•  
BETWEEN ACTS III. AND IV. THE CURTAINS  
WILL BE DOWN FOR ONE MINUTE ONLY  
•  
TIME—THE PRESENT.  
•  
Plan open at MESSRS. KEENE & WALSH  
O'Clock, TO-DAY, the 31st instant.  
Hongkong, 31st December, 1894.  
•••

---

FOR SHANGHAI.

**THE Steamship**  
"GLENLYON,"  
Captain Mackinlay, will be despatched as  
on or about the 13th instant.  
Freight and Passage apply to

**JARDINE, MATHESON & CO.**  
HONGKONG, 6th January, 1885.

**FOR YOKOHAMA AND HIOGO**  
THE Steamship  
"NAGATO MARU."  
Perman. Cargoes will be despatched  
above Ports on WEDNESDAY, the 11th  
For Freight or Passage apply to  
ADAMSON, BELL & CO. Agents  
Hongkong, 7th January, 1885.

**HONGKONG AND CHINA GINSENG**  
COMPANY, LIMITED.

**THE TRANSFER BOOKS OF THE**  
Company will be CLOSED from the  
instant until the 8th Proximo, both  
inclusive.  
**HENRY R. H. MARSH**  
Manager.  
Hongkong, 19th December, 1884.

**MAIL TABLES.**

**THE TABLE OF ARRIVALS AND**  
DEPARTURES OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH  
STEAMERS at and from LONDON AND HONGKONG  
in the Anglo-Chinese Calendar can be had at a  
price of 81 per dozen  
"The Daily Press" Office,  
5th January, 1885.

**NOTICE.**

**HONGKONG STEAM LAUNDRY**  
COMPANY, LIMITED.

In accordance with Clauses 47 and 48 of the  
Memorandum of Association, the following

A Company's Articles of Association  
 AN EXTRAORDINARY MEETING  
 SHAREHOLDERS, TO BE HELD AT  
 HONGKONG HOTEL, is hereby Called  
 TUESDAY, the 13th instant, at 3  
 p.m., when a full attendance is requested.  
 By Order, **WILLIAM LEE**  
 Acting Secretary  
 Hongkong, 1st January, 1885.

**BOWRINGTON FOUNDRY**  
 EAST POINT.  
 A. G. GORDON & CO.,  
 ENGINEERS AND SHIP BUILDERS.  
**ARE** Prepared to Undertake every  
 BRANCH OF ENGINEERING WORK  
 and, as before, on most reasonable terms.  
 QUALITY AND FIRST CLASS WORK  
 Guaranteed.  
 ESTIMATES furnished for the construction of  
 STEAM LAUNCHES, REPAIRS to the  
 and BOILERS of STEAM SHIPS.  
 Ac. &c. Ac. &c. Ac.  
 Hongkong, 1st January, 1885.

**CHINA SUGAR REFINING CO.**  
 LIMITED.  
 DEBENTURE LOAN FOR \$500,000

COUPONS FOR INTEREST PAID.  
31st December, 1884. will be  
presentation at the Office of the HONGKONG  
AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORP.  
Hongkong, on and after that date.  
**JARDINE, MATHESON**  
General Agents.  
Hongkong, 31st December, 1884.

**A. FONG, PHOTOGRAPHER**  
 Requests to inform the Residents of  
 and the Public generally that he has  
 the assistance of an experienced  
 Operator in Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS  
 Artistic Portraiture is well known  
 N.B.—Mr. DOUGLAS intends to  
 all the leading improvements in Mod-

Also,  
Has a LARGER, CHOICE, and more CO  
COLLECTION of VIEWS, than a  
in the Empire, the Copies of which  
to be noticed from his Studio or  
KELLY & WALSH'S Store.  
INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS, GROUPS a  
TRAITS of different sizes taken daily.  
STUDIO, ICE HOUSE LANE.  
NOTICE OF REMOVAL.  
A FONG'S PHOTOGR  
BUSINESS has This Day b  
MOVED to entirely NEW PREMISES, i  
Bank, immediately behind the New  
Bank.  
The NEW STUDIO is especially co  
for taking INSTANTANEOUS Portraits,

or THEATRICAL PICTURES.  
Hongkong, 1st January, 1884.

[191  
on  
ty in  
per.  
7239]

**A**N ENGLISHMAN, of long ex-  
perience in China, having some leisure time  
to be glad to Undertake ACCOUNTS  
and other WORK. Thoroughly satisfied  
of his references to present Employers and Other  
Persons of Standing.  
Address F. G.  
Care of Office of the  
Hongkong, 6th January, 1885.







**MAILS EXPECTED.**

THE AMERICAN MAIL.

The P. M. steamer *City of Tokio*, with  
next American mail, left Yokohama on  
3rd, and is due here on or about the 9th  
inst.

The O. and O. steamer *Le Pabo*, with  
succeeding American mail, left San  
Francisco on the 15th December and may be expected  
on or about the 19th inst.

THE FRENCH MAIL.

The M. M. steamer *Djennah*, with the  
French mail, left Singapore on the 3rd  
may be expected here on or about the  
instant.

STEAMERS EXPECTED.

The O. S. S. Co.'s steamer *Ajao*, left  
Singapore on the 30th inst. and is due here  
7th inst.

The Union Line steamer *Castello*, left  
Singapore on the 31st December and may be  
expected to arrive here on or about the 7th instant.

The Shire Line steamer *Freemantle*  
left Singapore on the 2nd inst. and is due here

The Glen Line steamer *Glenlyon*, left Singapore on the 3rd, and is due here on the 9th inst.

The O. S. S. Co.'s steamer *Achilles*, left Singapore on the 3rd, and is due here on the 9th inst.

will be  
11th inst.  
The steamer *Nagato Maru*, left Singapore  
on the 6th, and may be expected to arrive  
about the 13th inst.

**POST-OFFICE NOTICE**

Attention is invited to the following  
rules on the subject of Mail Delivery at  
LOCAL DELIVERY.—No delivery at  
on board ship at the Peak, Koronivia, A.  
to, nor at any private house (unless it is  
named in the address) when there is no  
business transacted, at which delivery can be  
(Postal Guide, par. 159).

The above Regulation is not new, but  
has been in force since the 1st of  
many years. Considerable efforts have  
been made to secure its being generally  
to prevent, however, if possible, any  
disappointment in the matter, it will  
be perused on the Mail Lists issued twice  
a month from the Dated Press Office.

The Postal Guide for 1884, revised  
will be found in the *Dated Press*  
p. 385 large edition, p. 693 small edition  
is the only authorized complete Sulu  
Postal information published in Hongkong.

**MAIL WILL CLOSE.**  
For Shanghai, Per Kienyang, on  
the 9th inst., at 3.30 p.m.  
For Port Darwin, Sydney, Lak-  
town, Townsville, Brisbane, Thyrday, and  
Adelaide, on *Per Arila*, on Saturday  
10th January, at 3.30 p.m.

**MAILS BY THE UNITED STATES  
PACKET.**  
The United States Mail Packet *C. de  
Janoire* will be despatched on  
the 8th inst., with Mails for Jap-  
an, China, and United States Condu-

PAUX.  
 nt.  
 B.L.E.  
 Y.  
 PEDDAR's  
 following

Ys. — The usual hours will be observed  
Leaves  
Hongkong 7.00 a.m.  
8.00 "  
10.15 "  
11.30 "  
PENANG 1.00 p.m.  
2.00 "  
3.00 "  
4.00 "  
4.35 "  
5.10 "

The following hours are observed  
Mails, &c; by the British Contract  
*Day of Departure.*  
NOON.—Money Order Office closes.  
2.00 P.M.—Registry of Letters; and  
of all printed matter and pack-  
3.00 P.M.—Mails closed, except for L.  
3.10 P.M.—Letters may be posted  
of 10 cents until  
3.30 P.M.—when the Post Office closes.  
3.40 P.M.—Late Letters may be posted  
the packet with late fee of 10  
time of departure.

Establish-  
mental Job  
which is -  
LE  
RISON  
FICE.

THE FRENCH MAIL  
*Day before Departure.*  
5 P.M. Money Order Office closes.  
closes, except the night box, which  
open out of office hours.  
*Day of Departure.*  
7 A.M. Post Office opens.  
10 A.M. Registry of Letters ceases.  
all printed matter and patterns pa-  
11 A.M. Mail closes, except for Late  
11.10 A.M. Letters may be posted with  
of 10 cents until  
11.30 A.M. when the Post Office closes  
11.40 A.M. Late Letters may be posted  
the packet with Late Fee of 10

No responsibility can be accepted for Office for erroneous replies to verbal or to notes addressed to subordinate shroffs told off to sell stamps should not be regarded as able to give correction. The Postal Guide alone is the only point on which such information required.

**RATES OF POSTAGE**

Letters, per 3 oz. ....  
 Post Cards, each, .....

**Book Patterns, and Commercials**

Papers, per 2 oz. ....  
 Newspapers, & Prices Current, each

Commercial papers signify sales, though written by hand, do not bear the stamp of an actual or personal correspondence as invoices, deeds, copied music, &c. is the same as for Books, but all papers under 4 oz. weight are charged 5 cents.

**SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' LETTERS.**  
 (1) Privates in U. S. Army or commissioned Officers, Bandmasters, or Masters (not Superintending or

Writers, or Stamp-Sellers, send  
 once letters to the United King-  
 dom, at the rate of two pence  
 (English Mail) or the rate of two  
 pence (French Mail) each, or the  
 rate of four pence (other pence) each.  
 The postage is to be paid either in  
 Imperial or in French Stamps,  
 but not by other kinds of stamps.  
 (2.) To other places not beyond  
 G. (such as India, Malta, &c.), the postage  
 is one penny.  
 (3.) The same privileges apply  
 to the Private and Non-  
 Officers named above.  
 (4.) The letters must not exceed

No handkerchiefs, jewellery, &c., even with the ends open.

5.—If from a Soldier or Sailor his description must be stated in full the cover of which must be signed manding Officer, with name of regiment in full. If to a Soldier or Sailor his description with name of regiment, and be stated in full.

(6). Soldiers and Sailors have to be provided with books or papers, not prepaid with Imperial Stamps.

\* But not Warrant Officers, viz.—Constables, or Carpenters.

100



## EXTRACTS.

## THE TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

The church of St. Botolph (or Bottreaux) in Coventry has no bell, while the neighbouring tower of St. Mary's contains a bell of six. It is said that a bell of this size was once cast at a foundry of the Continent, and that the vessel which was brought to Coventry from the foundry of the tower. The bell is now in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker.

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

"The bell is in the tower of St. Botolph, which has been embodied in the following extracts by Mr. Hawker."

to the others, asked, "Do none of those re- cognize me?" A general chorus of "No!" "I don't wonder at it!" said Pitt. "When I was last in this shop, I was carried in on the cabman's back—couldn't walk a step!"

As young Mr. Pope caught a glimpse of the great John Dryden in the upper room at Will's, so it was possible for a class of a stranger in certain respects to get a glimpse of Mr. Pope's most distinguished "hands."

"Godwin," with the celebrated Charlotte as its attendant, he, in the Strand, was near St. Mary's Church. It was occasionally patronized by journalists and senators who lived in the Temple precincts; the bustling face of Morgan O'Connell was frequently seen there; and Douglas Jerrold would sometimes look in. Charlotte was supposed to be one of the few who had ever eluded the great wit. He had been asking for some time for a glass of brandy and water, and when at length Charlotte placed before him the streaming jorum, she said, "There it is, you trouble-maker; little man, you don't fall into it and drown yourself!" Jerrold, who was very sensitive to any remarks upon his small and bent figure, collapsed.

The following determines the identity of one of Dickens's personages—"One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these meetings. He was laid himself out to be as agreeable as possible; Dickens was quite observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Stryver is a good likeness.' He smiled, 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after our meeting.'

We take the following note on the late Mr. Shirley Brooks from a series of graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the successive editors of 'Punch'—'Brooks's readiness was as great as Jerrold's, but his humour, with its strong satirical flavour, was peculiarly his own. They were talking once at a party of the house of commons, and being buried alive, and I was mentioning the Frankfort custom of depositing the bodies in the dead-house for twenty-four hours before burial, with a bellows attached to the wrist, that a signal might be given in an instant, in the event of returning animation. 'Ah,' said Brooks, 'that custom evidently suggested Tenney's idea of "Many a meeting on the mountain" did I hear the corpse ring?'

Through his own, too, and uttered with his usual curl of the nostril and lip, was his remark on looking round my bookshelves, and seeing my old school Homer, which Simpson, after patching and mending his own, had labelled 'Homer's Iliad.' 'Homer's Iliad,' said Brooks, with a slight sneer, 'is a name—your Iliad is the best.' Shirley Brooks never took any exercise, and lived far too well, consequently his originally fine constitution was undermined by a complication of disorders. He hated being away from London, and when in the country or at the sea for his annual holiday looked thoroughly wretched and out of place, were London, close and tall, and occupied his entire time reading newspapers. He died on the 23rd Feb. '74. On a newspaper reporter had called to inquire after him, 'There is no need for me to do that,' Brooks said feebly, 'he shall have his paragraph at the proper time.'

Mr. Duke of Wellington, with whom Mr. Yates had a slight acquaintance, con- firmed, we are told, the truth of two stories—the one relating to his father, the other to himself. "It appears that some trades- man—I will call them Brown and Smith— had been dining Lord Charles Wellesley for some time for money due, and at length they wrote to his father the Duke. Then they wrote to him the following communication: 'Apologies—F.M. the Duke of Wel- lington presents his compliments to Messrs. Brown and Smith. The Duke is not Lord Charles Wellesley, neither is he Messrs. Brown and Smith's debt collector.'

ST. BERNARDE.

With some few and marked exceptions, the traits of the St. Bernard dog are tem- pered, and affectionate; but, besides being endowed with those characteristics, which are common to several other breeds, the St. Bernard is of all dogs the most courteous. Their characters vary sufficiently to make them interesting; but they nearly all have a certain charming "family manner," and, in the case of the St. Bernard, it is especially marked. One of his relations who will do all in his power to fill his place to one's satisfaction. For sport, in the strict sense of the word, they are little; but they de- serve a reputation of any kind, and would rather run after a ball, and a stick, or even their own tails, than after a rabbit. We once saw an enormous St. Bernard take a live mouse to the Strand to the great amusement of the crowd. The dog was a well-known Italian warhound. One day, as Pitt and I were walking west- ward after office hours, we saw hanging at the shop door a bundle of bananas, with an inscription—"The last bananas we shall receive this season." Pitt stopped and read the placard. "That is very curious," he said, "and must be important to me. I followed him up the shop, and he followed me to the original house, where we reached the counter at the far end, until two or three shopmen were busy serving customers. "Could I speak to Mr. —?" asked Pitt, mentioning the name he had read on the shop door, and speaking with the greatest earnestness. "He's in, sir," he's having his tea; but if you particularly want him, I'll call him."

"Thank you, I do want him with him."

The proprietor came out of his parlour, wiping his mouth, and rounding the counter, was immediately laid hold of by Pitt, who took him by the elbow and led him, as- tonished, to the door. Arrived there, Pitt pointed to the bananas. These positively re- minded the very last bananas that you will receive this season!" "Yes," said the man, "they are."

"What of it?" "Is there no probability, then, of your having another batch?" "No—not that I know of. What of it?" "Is there a man?" "What of it?" Well, I think it is a most interesting circumstance! Deeply obliged to you, good morning!" And he took off his hat with an air, and left the man, purple and speechless, on his own thresholds. Another of Mr. Pitt's practical jokes was even more successful—"Middle-aged readers will possibly remember that the original shop for Holloway's patent medicines was at the extremity of the Strand, a few doors west of Temple Bar. It was a long shop, with a narrow counter running the length of it, at which an number of men, occupied in rolling the pills, spreading the ointment, &c. Pitt had often told me he had felt curiously attracted to that shop; and one day, as we were passing, he said, "Can you keep grave for five minutes?" I told him I thought I could, little guessing to what my gravity was to be subjected. "Then come along!" And the next minute he sprang from my side into the shop, where in the open space before the counter he began leaping about and throwing up his legs with an agility which, in those pre-Vogue days, was unknown. The shopmen stared in won- der, and one of them was uttering, when Pitt bounded in front of him and asked, "You don't know me? You don't recognize me?" The shopman, evidently taking him for a lunatic, was muttering something about not having the pleasure, when Pitt, pointing

to the others, asked, "Do none of those re- cognize me?" A general chorus of "No!" "I don't wonder at it!" said Pitt. "When I was last in this shop, I was carried in on the cabman's back—couldn't walk a step!"

As young Mr. Pope caught a glimpse of the great John Dryden in the upper room at Will's, so it was possible for a class of a stranger in certain respects to get a glimpse of Mr. Pope's most distinguished "hands."

"Godwin," with the celebrated Charlotte as its attendant, he, in the Strand, was near St. Mary's Church. It was occasionally patronized by journalists and senators who lived in the Temple precincts; the bustling face of Morgan O'Connell was frequently seen there; and Douglas Jerrold would sometimes look in. Charlotte was supposed to be one of the few who had ever eluded the great wit. He had been asking for some time for a glass of brandy and water, and when at length Charlotte placed before him the streaming jorum, she said, "There it is, you trouble-maker; little man, you don't fall into it and drown yourself!" Jerrold, who was very sensitive to any remarks upon his small and bent figure, collapsed.

The following determines the identity of one of Dickens's personages—"One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these meetings. He was laid himself out to be as agreeable as possible; Dickens was quite observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Stryver is a good likeness.' He smiled, 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after our meeting.'

We take the following note on the late Mr. Shirley Brooks from a series of graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the successive editors of 'Punch'—'Brooks's readiness was as great as Jerrold's, but his humour, with its strong satirical flavour, was peculiarly his own. They were talking once at a party of the house of commons, and being buried alive, and I was mentioning the Frankfort custom of depositing the bodies in the dead-house for twenty-four hours before burial, with a bellows attached to the wrist, that a signal might be given in an instant, in the event of returning animation. 'Ah,' said Brooks, 'that custom evidently suggested Tenney's idea of "Many a meeting on the mountain" did I hear the corpse ring?'

Through his own, too, and uttered with his usual curl of the nostril and lip, was his remark on looking round my bookshelves, and seeing my old school Homer, which Simpson, after patching and mending his own, had labelled 'Homer's Iliad.' 'Homer's Iliad,' said Brooks, with a slight sneer, 'is a name—your Iliad is the best.' Shirley Brooks never took any exercise, and lived far too well, consequently his originally fine constitution was undermined by a complication of disorders. He hated being away from London, and when in the country or at the sea for his annual holiday looked thoroughly wretched and out of place, were London, close and tall, and occupied his entire time reading newspapers. He died on the 23rd Feb. '74. On a newspaper reporter had called to inquire after him, 'There is no need for me to do that,' Brooks said feebly, 'he shall have his paragraph at the proper time.'

Mr. Duke of Wellington, with whom Mr. Yates had a slight acquaintance, con- firmed, we are told, the truth of two stories—the one relating to his father, the other to himself. "It appears that some trades- man—I will call them Brown and Smith— had been dining Lord Charles Wellesley for some time for money due, and at length they wrote to his father the Duke. Then they wrote to him the following communication: 'Apologies—F.M. the Duke of Wel- lington presents his compliments to Messrs. Brown and Smith. The Duke is not Lord Charles Wellesley, neither is he Messrs. Brown and Smith's debt collector.'

ST. BERNARDE.

With some few and marked exceptions, the traits of the St. Bernard dog are tem- pered, and affectionate; but, besides being endowed with those characteristics, which are common to several other breeds, the St. Bernard is of all dogs the most courteous. Their characters vary sufficiently to make them interesting; but they nearly all have a certain charming "family manner," and, in the case of the St. Bernard, it is especially marked. One of his relations who will do all in his power to fill his place to one's satisfaction. For sport, in the strict sense of the word, they are little; but they de- serve a reputation of any kind, and would rather run after a ball, and a stick, or even their own tails, than after a rabbit. We once saw an enormous St. Bernard take a live mouse to the Strand to the great amusement of the crowd. The dog was a well-known Italian warhound. One day, as Pitt and I were walking west- ward after office hours, we saw hanging at the shop door a bundle of bananas, with an inscription—"The last bananas we shall receive this season." Pitt stopped and read the placard. "That is very curious," he said, "and must be important to me. I followed him up the shop, and he followed me to the original house, where we reached the counter at the far end, until two or three shopmen were busy serving customers. "Could I speak to Mr. —?" asked Pitt, mentioning the name he had read on the shop door, and speaking with the greatest earnestness. "He's in, sir," he's having his tea; but if you particularly want him, I'll call him."

"Thank you, I do want him with him."

The proprietor came out of his parlour, wiping his mouth, and rounding the counter, was immediately laid hold of by Pitt, who took him by the elbow and led him, as- tonished, to the door. Arrived there, Pitt pointed to the bananas. These positively re- minded the very last bananas that you will receive this season!" "Yes," said the man, "they are."

"What of it?" "Is there no probability, then, of your having another batch?" "No—not that I know of. What of it?" "Is there a man?" "What of it?" Well, I think it is a most interesting circumstance! Deeply obliged to you, good morning!" And he took off his hat with an air, and left the man, purple and speechless, on his own thresholds. Another of Mr. Pitt's practical jokes was even more successful—"Middle-aged readers will possibly remember that the original shop for Holloway's patent medicines was at the extremity of the Strand, a few doors west of Temple Bar. It was a long shop, with a narrow counter running the length of it, at which an number of men, occupied in rolling the pills, spreading the ointment, &c. Pitt had often told me he had felt curiously attracted to that shop; and one day, as we were passing, he said, "Can you keep grave for five minutes?" I told him I thought I could, little guessing to what my gravity was to be subjected. "Then come along!" And the next minute he sprang from my side into the shop, where in the open space before the counter he began leaping about and throwing up his legs with an agility which, in those pre-Vogue days, was unknown. The shopmen stared in won- der, and one of them was uttering, when Pitt bounded in front of him and asked, "You don't know me? You don't recognize me?" The shopman, evidently taking him for a lunatic, was muttering something about not having the pleasure, when Pitt, pointing

to the others, asked, "Do none of those re- cognize me?" A general chorus of "No!" "I don't wonder at it!" said Pitt. "When I was last in this shop, I was carried in on the cabman's back—couldn't walk a step!"

As young Mr. Pope caught a glimpse of the great John Dryden in the upper room at Will's, so it was possible for a class of a stranger in certain respects to get a glimpse of Mr. Pope's most distinguished "hands."

"Godwin," with the celebrated Charlotte as its attendant, he, in the Strand, was near St. Mary's Church. It was occasionally patronized by journalists and senators who lived in the Temple precincts; the bustling face of Morgan O'Connell was frequently seen there; and Douglas Jerrold would sometimes look in. Charlotte was supposed to be one of the few who had ever eluded the great wit. He had been asking for some time for a glass of brandy and water, and when at length Charlotte placed before him the streaming jorum, she said, "There it is, you trouble-maker; little man, you don't fall into it and drown yourself!" Jerrold, who was very sensitive to any remarks upon his small and bent figure, collapsed.

The following determines the identity of one of Dickens's personages—"One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these meetings. He was laid himself out to be as agreeable as possible; Dickens was quite observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Stryver is a good likeness.' He smiled, 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after our meeting.'

We take the following note on the late Mr. Shirley Brooks from a series of graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the successive editors of 'Punch'—'Brooks's readiness was as great as Jerrold's, but his humour, with its strong satirical flavour, was peculiarly his own. They were talking once at a party of the house of commons, and being buried alive, and I was mentioning the Frankfort custom of depositing the bodies in the dead-house for twenty-four hours before burial, with a bellows attached to the wrist, that a signal might be given in an instant, in the event of returning animation. 'Ah,' said Brooks, 'that custom evidently suggested Tenney's idea of "Many a meeting on the mountain" did I hear the corpse ring?'

Through his own, too, and uttered with his usual curl of the nostril and lip, was his remark on looking round my bookshelves, and seeing my old school Homer, which Simpson, after patching and mending his own, had labelled 'Homer's Iliad.' 'Homer's Iliad,' said Brooks, with a slight sneer, 'is a name—your Iliad is the best.' Shirley Brooks never took any exercise, and lived far too well, consequently his originally fine constitution was undermined by a complication of disorders. He hated being away from London, and when in the country or at the sea for his annual holiday looked thoroughly wretched and out of place, were London, close and tall, and occupied his entire time reading newspapers. He died on the 23rd Feb. '74. On a newspaper reporter had called to inquire after him, 'There is no need for me to do that,' Brooks said feebly, 'he shall have his paragraph at the proper time.'

Mr. Duke of Wellington, with whom Mr. Yates had a slight acquaintance, con- firmed, we are told, the truth of two stories—the one relating to his father, the other to himself. "It appears that some trades- man—I will call them Brown and Smith— had been dining Lord Charles Wellesley for some time for money due, and at length they wrote to his father the Duke. Then they wrote to him the following communication: 'Apologies—F.M. the Duke of Wel- lington presents his compliments to Messrs. Brown and Smith. The Duke is not Lord Charles Wellesley, neither is he Messrs. Brown and Smith's debt collector.'

ST. BERNARDE.

With some few and marked exceptions, the traits of the St. Bernard dog are tem- pered, and affectionate; but, besides being endowed with those characteristics, which are common to several other breeds, the St. Bernard is of all dogs the most courteous. Their characters vary sufficiently to make them interesting; but they nearly all have a certain charming "family manner," and, in the case of the St. Bernard, it is especially marked. One of his relations who will do all in his power to fill his place to one's satisfaction. For sport, in the strict sense of the word, they are little; but they de- serve a reputation of any kind, and would rather run after a ball, and a stick, or even their own tails, than after a rabbit. We once saw an enormous St. Bernard take a live mouse to the Strand to the great amusement of the crowd. The dog was a well-known Italian warhound. One day, as Pitt and I were walking west- ward after office hours, we saw hanging at the shop door a bundle of bananas, with an inscription—"The last bananas we shall receive this season." Pitt stopped and read the placard. "That is very curious," he said, "and must be important to me. I followed him up the shop, and he followed me to the original house, where we reached the counter at the far end, until two or three shopmen were busy serving customers. "Could I speak to Mr. —?" asked Pitt, mentioning the name he had read on the shop door, and speaking with the greatest earnestness. "He's in, sir," he's having his tea; but if you particularly want him, I'll call him."

"Thank you, I do want him with him."

The proprietor came out of his parlour, wiping his mouth, and rounding the counter, was immediately laid hold of by Pitt, who took him by the elbow and led him, as- tonished, to the door. Arrived there, Pitt pointed to the bananas. These positively re- minded the very last bananas that you will receive this season!" "Yes," said the man, "they are."

"What of it?" "Is there no probability, then, of your having another batch?" "No—not that I know of. What of it?" "Is there a man?" "What of it?" Well, I think it is a most interesting circumstance! Deeply obliged to you, good morning!" And he took off his hat with an air, and left the man, purple and speechless, on his own thresholds. Another of Mr. Pitt's practical jokes was even more successful—"Middle-aged readers will possibly remember that the original shop for Holloway's patent medicines was at the extremity of the Strand, a few doors west of Temple Bar. It was a long shop, with a narrow counter running the length of it, at which an number of men, occupied in rolling the pills, spreading the ointment, &c. Pitt had often told me he had felt curiously attracted to that shop; and one day, as we were passing, he said, "Can you keep grave for five minutes?" I told him I thought I could, little guessing to what my gravity was to be subjected. "Then come along!" And the next minute he sprang from my side into the shop, where in the open space before the counter he began leaping about and throwing up his legs with an agility which, in those pre-Vogue days, was unknown. The shopmen stared in won- der, and one of them was uttering, when Pitt bounded in front of him and asked, "You don't know me? You don't recognize me?" The shopman, evidently taking him for a lunatic, was muttering something about not having the pleasure, when Pitt, pointing

to the others, asked, "Do none of those re- cognize me?" A general chorus of "No!" "I don't wonder at it!" said Pitt. "When I was last in this shop, I was carried in on the cabman's back—couldn't walk a step!"

As young Mr. Pope caught a glimpse of the great John Dryden in the upper room at Will's, so it was possible for a class of a stranger in certain respects to get a glimpse of Mr. Pope's most distinguished "hands."

"Godwin," with the celebrated Charlotte as its attendant, he, in the Strand, was near St. Mary's Church. It was occasionally patronized by journalists and senators who lived in the Temple precincts; the bustling face of Morgan O'Connell was frequently seen there; and Douglas Jerrold would sometimes look in. Charlotte was supposed to be one of the few who had ever eluded the great wit. He had been asking for some time for a glass of brandy and water, and when at length Charlotte placed before him the streaming jorum, she said, "There it is, you trouble-maker; little man, you don't fall into it and drown yourself!" Jerrold, who was very sensitive to any remarks upon his small and bent figure, collapsed.

The following determines the identity of one of Dickens's personages—"One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these meetings. He was laid himself out to be as agreeable as possible; Dickens was quite observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Stryver is a good likeness.' He smiled, 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after our meeting.'

We take the following note on the late Mr. Shirley Brooks from a series of graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the successive editors of 'Punch'—'Brooks's readiness was as great as Jerrold's, but his humour, with its strong satirical flavour, was peculiarly his own. They were talking once at a party of the house of commons, and being buried alive, and I was mentioning the Frankfort custom of depositing the bodies in the dead-house for twenty-four hours before burial, with a bellows attached to the wrist, that a signal might be given in an instant, in the event of returning animation. 'Ah,' said Brooks, 'that custom evidently suggested Tenney's idea of "Many a meeting on the mountain" did I hear the corpse ring?'

Through his own, too, and uttered with his usual curl of the nostril and lip, was his remark on looking round my bookshelves, and seeing my old school Homer, which Simpson, after patching and mending his own, had labelled 'Homer's Iliad.' 'Homer's Iliad,' said Brooks, with a slight sneer, 'is a name—your Iliad is the best.' Shirley Brooks never took any exercise, and lived far too well, consequently his originally fine constitution was undermined by a complication of disorders. He hated being away from London, and when in the country or at the sea for his annual holiday looked thoroughly wretched and out of place, were London, close and tall, and occupied his entire time reading newspapers. He died on the 23rd Feb. '74. On a newspaper reporter had called to inquire after him, 'There is no need for me to do that,' Brooks said feebly, 'he shall have his paragraph at the proper time.'

Mr. Duke of Wellington, with whom Mr. Yates had a slight acquaintance, con- firmed, we are told, the truth of two stories—the one relating to his father, the other to himself. "It appears that some trades- man—I will call them Brown and Smith— had been dining Lord Charles Wellesley for some time for money due, and at length they wrote to his father the Duke. Then they wrote to him the following communication: 'Apologies—F.M. the Duke of Wel- lington presents his compliments to Messrs. Brown and Smith. The Duke is not Lord Charles Wellesley, neither is he Messrs. Brown and Smith's debt collector.'

ST. BERNARDE.

With some few and marked exceptions, the traits of the St. Bernard dog are tem- pered, and affectionate; but, besides being endowed with those characteristics, which are common to several other breeds, the St. Bernard is of all dogs the most courteous. Their characters vary sufficiently to make them interesting; but they nearly all have a certain charming "family manner," and, in the case of the St. Bernard, it is especially marked. One of his relations who will do all in his power to fill his place to one's satisfaction. For sport, in the strict sense of the word, they are little; but they de- serve a reputation of any kind, and would rather run after a ball, and a stick, or even their own tails, than after a rabbit. We once saw an enormous St. Bernard take a live mouse to the Strand to the great amusement of the crowd. The dog was a well-known Italian warhound. One day, as Pitt and I were walking west- ward after office hours, we saw hanging at the shop door a bundle of bananas, with an inscription—"The last bananas we shall receive this season." Pitt stopped and read the placard. "That is very curious," he said, "and must be important to me. I followed him up the shop, and he followed me to the original house, where we reached the counter at the far end, until two or three shopmen were busy serving customers. "Could I speak to Mr. —?" asked Pitt, mentioning the name he had read on the shop door, and speaking with the greatest earnestness. "He's in, sir," he's having his tea; but if you particularly want him, I'll call him."

"Thank you, I do want him with him."

The proprietor came out of his parlour, wiping his mouth, and rounding the counter, was immediately laid hold of by Pitt, who took him by the elbow and led him, as- tonished, to the door. Arrived there, Pitt pointed to the bananas. These positively re- minded the very last bananas that you will receive this season!" "Yes," said the man, "they are."

"What of it?" "Is there no probability, then, of your having another batch?" "No—not that I know of. What of it?" "Is there a man?" "What of it?" Well, I think it is a most interesting circumstance! Deeply obliged to you, good morning!" And he took off his hat with an air, and left the man, purple and speechless, on his own thresholds. Another of Mr. Pitt's practical jokes was even more successful—"Middle-aged readers will possibly remember that the original shop for Holloway's patent medicines was at the extremity of the Strand, a few doors west of Temple Bar. It was a long shop, with a narrow counter running the length of it, at which an number of men, occupied in rolling the pills, spreading the ointment, &c. Pitt had often told me he had felt curiously attracted to that shop; and one day, as we were passing, he said, "Can you keep grave for five minutes?" I told him I thought I could, little guessing to what my gravity was to be subjected. "Then come along!" And the next minute he sprang from my side into the shop, where in the open space before the counter he began leaping about and throwing up his legs with an agility which, in those pre-Vogue days, was unknown. The shopmen stared in won- der, and one of them was uttering, when Pitt bounded in front of him and asked, "You don't know me? You don't recognize me?" The shopman, evidently taking him for a lunatic, was muttering something about not having the pleasure, when Pitt, pointing

to the others, asked, "Do none of those re- cognize me?" A general chorus of "No!" "I don't wonder at it!" said Pitt. "When I was last in this shop, I was carried in on the cabman's back—couldn't walk a step!"

As young Mr. Pope caught a glimpse of the great John Dryden in the upper room at Will's, so it was possible for a class of a stranger in certain respects to get a glimpse of Mr. Pope's most distinguished "hands."

"Godwin," with the celebrated Charlotte as its attendant, he, in the Strand, was near St. Mary's Church. It was occasionally patronized by journalists and senators who lived in the Temple precincts; the bustling face of Morgan O'Connell was frequently seen there; and Douglas Jerrold would sometimes look in. Charlotte was supposed to be one of the few who had ever eluded the great wit. He had been asking for some time for a glass of brandy and water, and when at length Charlotte placed before him the streaming jorum, she said, "There it is, you trouble-maker; little man, you don't fall into it and drown yourself!" Jerrold, who was very sensitive to any remarks upon his small and bent figure, collapsed.

The following determines the identity of one of Dickens's personages—"One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these meetings. He was laid himself out to be as agreeable as possible; Dickens was quite observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Stryver is a good likeness.' He smiled, 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially